LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Artisan.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

The day is past—the quiet night
Toward its midhour weareth on;
His work-shop has been closed for hours—
A good day's labor done.
The toil is hard that brings him bread;
And sometimes he hath scant supply;
When droops a while his manly head,
And glistens his full eye.

Yet from the trial shrinks he not;
For he has youth, and strength, and will;
And though his toil is ill repaid,
Bends daily to it still.
He sometimes murmurs,—but his pride
Checks each expression at its birth,—
That blessings to his class denied
Surround the drones of earth.

He passes morn, and noon, and night,
The homes of luxury and wealth;
And glances at their gilded ease
His eye will take by stealth.
And shadows gather on his face,
At times—but instantly depart—
He feels such weakness a disgrace
Both to his head and heart.

His calling sometimes takes him where
Wealth, worth, grace, beauty, all unite;
And lovely tones arrest his ear,
And lovely looks his sight;—
And much he thinks—and half he sighs—
Yet ere his welcome work is done,
He longs for home, and Mary's eyes,
And for his prattling son.

His labor hath been light to-day;
And wife and child before him sleep;
And he has pass'd the half-spent night
In study close and deep.
The lamp burns dim—the fire is low—
The book is closed wherein he read;
But wildly swell the streams of Thought
Its fountain-pages fed.

With eyes fixed calmly on the floor,
But varying and expressive face,
He cons the lesson o'er and o'er—
The history of his race.
And much he finds of word and deed,
Whose virtue is example now;
But more that makes his bosom bleed,
And darkens o'er his brow:—

The thirst for wealth—the strife for power—
The ceaseless struggle for renown—
The daring that hath seized a realm,
Or caught a wavering crown—
The manhood that hath tamely bent
And fall'n beneath tyrannic sway—
The balk'd resistance, that hath lent
Its darkness to the day:—

But chiefly this it is that fills
The swelling volume of his mind:
The countless wrongs and cruelties
That have oppress'd his kind.
And viewing them, upon his brain
His own hard struggles darkly throng;
And as he feels their weight again,
He also deems of wrong:

Wrong to himself, and wrong to all
Who bear the burthens he hath borne:
"A yoke!" upstarting he exclaims,
"And oh, how meekly worn!"
But as he reads Life's riddle still,
He feels, with sudden change of mood,
The stern, the indomitable will,
That never was subdued.

The will, not to destroy, but build!
Not the blind Might, of old renown,
Which took the pillars in its grasp,
And shook the temple down—
But that whose patient energy
Works ever upward, without rest,
Until the pierced and parted sea
Rolls from its coral breast.

In the dim firelight, for a while,
His tall form moveth to-and-fro;
Then by the couch of those he loves,
He stops, and bendeth low.
Oh, holy love! oh, blessed kiss!
Ye ask not splendor—bide not pow'r—
But in a humble home like this,
Ye have your triumph hour!

He sleeps—but even on his dreams
Obtrude the purpose of his soul;
He wanders where the living streams
Of Knowledge brightly roll;
And where men win their own good ways,
Not yield to doubt, or dark despair,
In dreams his bounding spirit strays—
In dreams he triumphs there.

With stronger arm, with mightier heart,
Than he hath felt or known before,
When comes the morrow's hour of toil,
He'll leave his humble door,
No wavering hence he'll know—no rest—
Until the new-seen goal be won;
But firm, and calm, and self possess'd,
Bear resolutely on.

And this it is that, year by year,
Through which nor faith nor hope grows less,
Pursued, shall crown his high career
With honor and success.
This—this it is that marks *the man!*
Dare thou, then, 'neath whose studious eye
This lesson lies, rouse up at once,
And on thyself rely!

Give to thy free soul freshest thought,
And whatsoe'er it prompts thee do,
That manfully, year in year out,
With all thy might pursue
What though thy name may not be heard
Afar, or shouted through the town;
Thou 'lt win a higher meed of praise,
A worthier renown.

Press on, then!—Earth has need of thee!
The metal at the forge is red;
The axe is rusting by the tree
The grain hangs heavy in the head.
Heed not who works not—*labor thou!*
Lay bravely hold, nor pause nor shrink!
Life's Rubicon is here—and stand
Not dubious on the brink!

National Era.

Incidents of a Day among the Emigrants to California.

Sunday, June 14.—Thermometer at sunrise 52°, wind East, blowing fresh; an Indian was discovered last night by one of the guard, lurking in the bushes, no doubt intending to steal some of our horses. He ran off with great speed when the alarm was given.

We resumed our march at the usual hour; about five miles from our encampment we were met by three men belonging to an emigrant company which they had left last night, about twenty-five or thirty miles in advance. They were in search of a doctor. A boy eight or nine years of age had had his leg crushed by falling from the tongue of a wagon and being run over by its wheels, and besides, there were, in the company, a number of persons ill with fevers and other complaints.

There being no physician in our party, and possessing from my former studies, and later experience, some pathological and anatomical knowledge, with such a knowledge of the pharmacopœia, and materia medica, as to be fully sensible that many patients are killed rather than cured, by the injudicious use of medicine, I had consented on several occasions, when persons belonging to our company, were siezed with sickness, to give them such advice and to prescribe and administer such medicines as I thought would be beneficial. I informed the patients in all cases that I was no "doctor," but acted rather in the character of the "good Samaritan." By using this phrase, I would not be understood as assuming to myself the merits and virtues of the individual, who under that name has been rendered forever memorable and illustrious for his humanity, by the impressive parable of our Savior. In all cases of sickness in our party when I was called, I have the satisfaction of knowing that no one died. This I do not attribute to any medical skill or science of my own, but to the fact, that medicines were exhibited in small quantities, and such as would not crush the recuperative powers and sanative impulses of nature. On this long and toilsome journey, during which it is impossible to suspend the march for any length of time, large doses of exhausting medicine should never be administered to the patient; if they are, the consequences most frequently must result in death. The fatigues of the journey are as great as any ordinary constitution can bear, and the relaxing and debilitating effects of medicines injudiciously prescribed in large quantities are often, I believe, fatal, when the patient would otherwise recover.

It so turned out that I had acquired the undeserved reputation of being a great "doctor," in several of the emigrant companies in advance of us and in our rear, and the three men, above noticed, who had met us, had come for me. I told them when they applied to me that I was not a physician, that I had no surgical instruments and that I doubted if I could be of any service to those who were suffering. They stated in reply that they had heard of me; and that they would not be satisfied unless I accompanied them in all haste to their encampment. I finally consented to their urgent demands, feeling desirous of alleviating as far as I could, the miseries of the sick and disabled, which here are more dreadful than can easily be imagined.

Making my arrangements as soon as I could, I mounted the horse, which had been brought for my conveyance—one of those hard trotters whose unelastic gait is painfully fatiguing to the rider. You are obliged to protect yourself from the concussion caused by the contact of his feet with the earth, by springing from the saddle at each stride. We crossed in a few miles a small branch shaded by some oak trees. In the bank of this we found a spring of cool water. There was, however, such a multitude of musquitoes and gnats surrounding it, that we had but little enjoyment in its generous supply of refreshing waters. The air is, in places, filled with these troublesome insects, and the venom of their bite is frequently seriously afflictive. At the spring above alluded to, the trail recedes from the river, and runs along under the bluffs, which, to-day, seemed to shut from us every breath of air, rendering the heat of the sun oppressive, almost to suffocation. I observed that some of the bluffs which we passed were composed of calcareous rock, and the debris below was of the same composition. I shot, with my pistol, while riding this morning, an antelope, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards.

After a most fatiguing and exhausting ride, we reached the encampment to which I had been called, about 5 o'clock P. M. The man who had been sent for me, had given no description of the case of fracture, other than that which has above been stated. I supposed as a matter of course, that the accident had occurred the preceeding day. When I reached the tent of the unfortunate family to which the boy belonged, I found him stretched out upon a bench made of planks, ready for the operation which they expected I would perform. I soon learned from the mother that the accident occasioning the fracture had occurred nine days previously. That a person professing to be a "doctor" had wrapped some linen loosely about the leg, and made a sort of trough or plank box in which it had been confined. In this condition the child had remained, without any dressing of his wounded limb, until last night when he called to his mother and told her that he could *feel worms crawling in his leg!* This, at first, she supposed to be absurd, but the boy insisting, an examination of the wound for the first time was made, and it was discovered that gangrene had taken place, and the limb of the child was swarming with maggots! They then immediately despatched their messenger for me. I made an examination of the fractured limb, and ascertained that what the mother had stated was correct. The limb had been badly fractured, and had never been bandaged, and from neglect gangrene had supervened, and the child's leg from his foot to his knee was in a state of putrefaction. He was so much enfeebled by his sufferings, that death was stamped upon his countenance, and I was satisfied that he could not live twenty four hours, much less survive an operation. I so informed the mother, stating to her that to amputate the limb would only hasten the boy's death and add to his pains while living, declining at the same time peremptorily, all participation in a proceeding so useless and barbarous, under the circumstances. She implored me with tears and moans, not thus to give up her child without an effort. I told her again that all efforts to save him would be useless, and only add to the anguish of which he was now dying.

But this could not satisfy a mother's affection; she could not thus yield her offspring to the cold embrace of death, and a tomb in the wilderness. A Canadian Frenchman, who belonged to this emigrating party was present, and stated that he had formerly been an assistant to a surgeon in some hospital, and had seen many operations of this nature performed, and that he would amputate the child's limb, if I declined doing it, and the mother desired it. I could not suppress an involuntary shudder when I heard this proposition,—the consent of the weeping woman, and saw the preparation made for the butchery of the little boy.—The instruments to be used were a common butcher knife, a carpenter's hand-saw, and a shoe-maker's awl to take up the arteries. The man commenced by gashing the flesh to the bone around the calf of the leg, which was in a state of purtrescence. He then made an incision just below the knee and commenced sawing, but before he had completed the amputation of the bone, he concluded that the operation should be performed above the knee. During these demonstrations the boy never uttered a groan or a complaint, but I saw from the change in his countenance, that he was dying. The operator, without noticing this, proceeded to sever the leg above the knee; a cord was drawn around the limb, above the spot where it was intended to sever it, so tight that it cut through the skin into the flesh. The knife and saw were then applied, and the limb amputated. A few drops of blood only, oozed from the stump; the child was dead—his miseries were over!

The scene of weeping and distress which succeeded this tragedy cannot be described. The mother was frantic, and the brothers and sisters of the deceased boy, were infected by the intense grief of their parent.—From this harrowing spectacle, I was called to visit the father of the dead child who was lying prostrate in his tent, incapable of moving a limb, with an inflammatory rheumatism, produced, as I supposed from his statement, by wading streams and exposure to rains, during the commencement of the journey, while under the influence of large doses of calomel. He was suffering from violent pain in all of his bones, which added to his mental affliction from the death of his child, seemed to overwhelm him. He told me that he had been unable to walk or sit upright for four weeks. He begged that I would prescribe something for his relief. I comforted him with all the encouragement in reference to his case, that I could conscientiously give, and left some medicines, enjoining him, however, not to deviate the thousandth part of a scruple from my directions, unless he wished to die at once. The propensity of those afflicted by disease, on this journey, is frequently, to devour medicine as they would food, under the delusion that large quantities will more speedily and effectually produce a cure. The reverse is the fact, and it is sometimes dangerous to trust a patient with more than a single dose.

From this family, I was called to visit a lady, the wife of one of the emigrants who had been ill for several weeks, of an intermittent fever. She had taken large quantities of medicine, and her strength and constitution appeared to be so much exhausted, that I had no hopes of her recovery, unless the company to which she belonged could suspend their march for a week or more, and give her rest. This I communicated to her husband, and left such medicines, and gave such advice in regard to nursing, as I thought would be the most useful in her case. A young man applied to me for relief, who, after I had examined him, I believed to be laboring under a disease of the heart. I told him that I could do nothing for him. That the journey might effect his cure, but that no medicine which I possessed would have any other than an injurious effect.

After visiting some four or five other persons more or less indisposed and prescribing for them, by invitation of Col. Thornton, I walked from this encampment to his, about three-fourths of a mile distant. Col. T., it will be recollected, was a member of the Oregon party, which separated from us about two weeks since. In crossing the Platte bottom to his encampment, we forded two or three small streams flowing into the main river. Their waters are brackish and bitter with saline and alkaline impregnation. On our arrival at Col. T's. camp, my old acquaintances and late fellow travellers were rejoiced to see me. They evinced their pleasure by many kind and cordial manifestations. Mrs. Thornton a lady of education and polished manners, received me in her tent as she would have done in her parlor at home. I was most hospitably and agreeably entertained, by these my respected friends.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, I was invited to attend a wedding which was to take place in the encampment. The name of the bridegroom I did not learn, but the bride was a Miss Lard, a very pretty young lady, who I doubt not will be the ancestress of future statesmen and heroes on the shores of the Pacific. The wedding ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Cornwall, and took place in the tent of her father. The candles were not of wax nor very numerous, nor were the ornaments of the apartment very gorgeous, or the bridal bed very voluptuous. The wedding cake was not frosted with sugar, nor illustrated with matrimonial devices after the manner of confectioners in the "settlements," but cake was handed round to the whole party present. There was no music or dancing on the occasion. The company separated soon after the ceremony was performed, leaving the happy pair to the enjoyment of their connubial felicities. This was the first wedding on the journey, at which I had been a guest.

After we left the bridal tent, in looking across the plain, I could see from the light of the torches and lanterns, the funeral procession, that was conveying the corpse of the little boy, who I saw expire, to his last resting place, in this desolate wilderness. The faint glimmer of these lights, with a knowledge of the melancholy duties which those carrying them were performing, produced sensations of sadness and depression. While surveying this distant funeral scene, a man arrived from another encampment about a mile and a half distant, and informed me, that the wife of one of the emigrants had just been safely delivered of a son, and there was in consequence of this event, great rejoicing. I could not but reflect upon the singular concurrence of the events of the day. A death and funeral, a wedding and a birth had occurred in this wilderness, within a diameter of two miles, and within two hours' time; and to-morrow the places where these events had taken place would be deserted and unmarked, except by the grave of the unfortunate boy deceased! Such are the dispensations of Providence!—Such the chequered map of human suffering and human enjoyment.

The Blessings of Chloroform.

AIR—*"Run, Neighbors, Run," &c.*

Oh! what a host, what an infinite variety.
Rapt Imagination in her transports warm,
Pictures of blessings conferred upon society
By the new discovery of chloroform!
Applications, amputations, denudations, perforations,
Utterly divested of all disagreeable sensations;
Like your coat-tail in a crowd—some clever cut-purse stealing it—
Arms and legs are now whipped off without our ever feeling it.

Take but a sniff at this essence anæsthetical,
Dropped upon a handkerchief, or bit of sponge,
And on your eyelids 't will clap a seal hermetical,
And your senses in a trance that instant plunge.
Then you may be pinched and punctured, bumped and thumped, and whacked about,
Scotched, and scored, and lacerated, cauterized, and hacked about;
And though tender as a chick—a Sybarite for queasiness—
Flayed alive, unconscious of a feeling of uneasiness.

Celsus will witness our deft chirurgeons presently,
Manage operations as he said they should;
Doing them "safely, and speedily, and *pleasantly*,"
Just as if the body were a log of wood.
Teeth, instead of being drawn with agonies immeasurable,
Now will be extracted with sensations rather pleasurable;
Chloroform will render quite agreeable the parting with
Any useless member that a patient has been smarting with.

Then of what vast, of what wonderful utility,
Viewed in its relation to domestic bliss,
Since, in a trice, it can calm irritability,
Surely such a substance will be found as this!
Scolding wife and squalling infant—petulance and fretfulness;
Lulling, with its magic power, *instanter*, in forgetfulness;
Peace in private families securing, and in populous
Nurseries, whene'er their little inmates prove "obstropolous."

When some vile dun with his little bill is vexing you;
When the tax-collector's knock assails your door;
When aught is troubling, annoying, or perplexing you;
When, in short, you're plagued with any kind of bore,
Do not rage and fume and fret, behaving with stupidity,
Take the matter quietly with coolness and placidity,
Don't indulge in conduct and in language reprehensible—
Snuff a little chloroform, be prudent, and insensible.

[*Punch.*

There are in certain heads a kind of established error, against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense.—*Von Knebel.*

The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in the world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see.—*Oehlenschlager.*

From the Union Magazine for Feb. 1848.

The Subject of Mr. Longfellow's New Poem.

BY EVELINA R.

So much of the charm of Evangeline is derived from the very foundation of the narrative—the simple dignity and earnestness of the characters, and the deep religious tone of the interest, that we are surprised Mr. Longfellow did not in a note, or elsewhere, give his readers the historical fact which inspired him with so exquisite an ideal picture. There are many, doubtless, who have never read the cruel story, and such will be glad to see it in a few words, condensed from the best authority on the subject. To our thinking, the historical accuracy of Mr. Longfellow's picture enhances its beauty. The fact, as given by Haliburton in his history of Nova Scotia, is, in brief, as follows:

Some dispute existing between the English and the French, respecting the territorial limits of both parties, the region about Hudson's Bay, and the province of Acadie, since called Novia Scotia, to settle the matter, were ceded to Great Britain, in 1713.

Acadie was inhabited by an excellent French population. When these good people found their country yielded to England, and themselves no longer subjects of the French king, they were grieved to be forced to acknowledge another master. They knew that the French and English were hostile to each other, and they dreaded to be compelled, some time or other, to take up arms against Frenchmen; they, therefore, entreated the English that they might never be forced to so painful a service, and might be excused from taking the oath of allegiance.

This request received no special attention, but, for a time, a kind forbearance was exercised towards them. After a period of forty years, the English government came to the conclusion that these neutral French, as they were called, might become dangerous to their interests by taking part with the Canadian French, their active enemies. On account of this presumed danger, without the least alleged provocation, or the least show of justice, they took upon themselves to drive out of their possessions, this peaceable, prosperous, and unoffending people.

The Acadians had no warning of their fate. At harvest time they were ordered to assemble in a certain district, and being collected, were informed they were prisoners—that their lands, cattle, and moveables were no longer their own, but were confiscated by government—that they might take what they could convey away, but must immediately quit the province.

In one single district, two hundred and fifty-five houses, as many barns, eleven mills, and one church, were destroyed. Ships were in readiness to convey the persecuted Acadians to different parts of the Continent—to Louisiana, to French Guiana in South America, and to distant places in the, then, British Provinces on the Atlantic.

These people had been remarkable for their industry, their skilful husbandry, their pure morals, and their exemplary piety. The lands produced wheat and corn, potatoes and flax, abundantly. Their houses were convenient, and furnished with all things necessary to comfort. Their numerous flocks afforded the wool which was manufactured in the family for their clothing. They had no paper money, and little silver or gold; and lived by simple exchange of commodities. So little contention arose among them, that courts and lawyers were needless; the wise and experienced decided their small differences. They were Catholics; the priests drew up their public acts, wrote their wills, and kept possession of the documents, until death called for the execution of them. To requite these services, the inhabitants allowed them one twenty-seventh of the harvest for their subsistence.

At the time of the dispersion, the Acadians were 18,000 in number. No want existed among them; the poor were few, and the prosperous cheerfully supported those. These unfortunate people were the victims of their own integrity. Had they taken the oath which demanded of them to violate the best affections, they might have retained their houses, their fields, and their flocks. Their good feelings demanded only the innocent liberty of neutrality.

In September, 1755, Colonel Winslow, an officer, usually resident at Marshfield, Plymouth county, Massachusetts, was sent with the King's Commission, to demolish the property of the neutrals, and to expel them, without exception, from the province. Colonel Winslow deeply regretted that he should be employed in this cruel service. He knew, so he said, that they were of "the same species" with himself, and "it was disagreeable to his make and temper" to inflict pain. His first measure, on landing at St. Pre, was to make prisoners of several hundreds of the most considerable of the men of the settlement. "In consequence of their earnest entreaties, the prisoners were permitted, ten at once, to return to visit their wretched families, and to look, for the last time, upon their beautiful fields, and their loved and lost homes."

These unhappy men bore their misfortune with firmness, until they were ordered on board the transport ship, to be dispersed among people whose customs, lnuguage, and religion, were opposed to all they held dear and sacred.

On the 16th of September, the prisoners were drawn up six deep; and the young men, one hundred and sixty in number, were ordered to go on board the vessels. They refused to do this, unless their families might be permitted to accompany them. This was denied, and the soldiers were ordered to do their duty. The wretched Acadians no longer resisted, but marched from the chapel of St. Pre to the ships.

The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who, on their knees, and with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, entreated blessings on their young friends, so unmercifully torn from them. Some of the latter broke out into bitter lamentations; others prayed aloud; and another portion sang mournful hymns, as they took their way to the ships. The seniors formed another detachment, and their departure occasioned a similar scene of distress. Other vessels arrived, and their wives and children followed. Their dwellings were burnt before their eyes, and the work of destruction was complete. Eighteen thousand souls were cast forth upon the pitiless world. Desolate and depopulated was the beautiful tract they had occupied: their homes lay smoking in ruins; the cattle, abandoned by their protectors, assembled about the forsaken dwelling places, anxiously seeking their wonted masters; and all night long, the faithful watch-dogs howled for the hands that had fed, and the roofs that had sheltered them.

The distress of one family will serve to exhibit the sufferings of these refugees.—There was among them a notary-public, named Rene Le Blanc. He loved the English. On one occasion, the Indians would have persuaded him to assist them, in an attempt upon the English. He refused, and the Indians, in resentment, made him prisoner, and detained him four years.

At the time of the expulsion, Le Blanc was living at an advanced age. His fidelity to the English, and his sufferings on that account, deserved favor, but he found none. Le Blanc had twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grand-children.—These were embarked in different vessels, and scattered in different provinces. The unfortunate old man was set ashore in New York, with his wife, and the two youngest of their children. Love for those that were scattered, led him from one strange city to another. He reached Philadelphia. There he found three of his children, and there, despairing to recover the rest, in penury and sorrow, he sank into his grave. "It may be questioned," says a writer, in the North American Review, "if the history of the world exhibits a more heart-rending incident than the exile of this amiable and unhappy people. When the traveller contemplates the noble dykes reared by their industry; while he walks beneath the shade of their abundant orchards, and stands over the ruins of their cottages, or muses among their graves, his imagination goes back to a scene of rural felicity, and purity seldom seen in the world, and his heart melts at the sudden and dreadful fate of the Acadians."

Precocity of Intellect.

Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, I am less and less in love with precocity, which, indeed, is often a mere manifestation of disease—the disease of a very fine, but very weak nervous organization. Your young Rosciuses, and all your wonders of that kind, generally end in the feeblest of common-place. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death at the early age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and I think the strength of their genius was over. Raphael, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel, was forty-eight before he "gave the world assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not then even know that he could write a line of poetry. Yet what towering vigor and swinging ease all at once in "glorious John!" Milton had, indeed, written, his Comus at twenty-six; but blind, and "fallen on evil days and evil tongues," he was upward of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his Task was not written till near his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upward of thirty before he published his Minstrelsy, and all his greatness was yet to come.—*Aird's "Old Bachelor."*

Luxuries of the Romans.

The luxury of the table commenced about the period of the battle of Actium, and continued to the reign of Galba. Their delicacies consisted of peacocks, cranes of Malta, nightingales, venison, and wild and tame fowls; they were also fond of fish. The reigning taste was for a profusion of provisions; whole wild boars were served up, filled with various small animals and birds of different kinds. This dish was called the Trojan horse, in allusion to the horse filled with soldiers. Fowls and game of all sorts were served up in pyramids, piled up in dishes as broad as moderate tables. Mark Antony provided eight boars for twelve guests, Caligula served up to his guests pearls of great value, dissolved in vinegar. Lucullus had a particular name for each apartment, and a certain scale of expense attached to each. Cicero and Pompey agreed to take supper with him, provided he would not order his servants to prepare anything extraordinary. He directed the servants to prepare the supper in the room of Apollo. His friends were surprised at the magnificence of the entertainment. He then informed them that when he mentioned the name of the room, the servants knew the scale of expense. Whenever he supped in the room of Apollo, the supper always cost £1,250. He was equally sumptuous in his dress. A Roman Prætor, who was to give games to the public, requesting to borrow one hundred purple robes for the actors, Lucullus replied that he could lend him two hundred if he wanted them. The Roman furniture in their houses corresponded with their profuseness in other respects. Pliny states that in his time more money was often given for a table, than the amount of all the treasures found in Carthage when it was conquered by the Romans.—*Gilbart's Lectures on Ancient Commerce.*

Education.

The multitude think that to educate a child, is to crowd into his mind a given amount of knowledge, to load the memory with words. No wonder that they think everybody fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward actions, powers to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive—power to adopt good counsels, and to pursue them, to govern ourselves and influence others, to gain and spread happiness. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates and facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the process of investigation. A sound logic, by which we mean the science and art which instructs us in the true laws of reasoning and evidence, is an essential part of a good education.—*Channing.*

Erskine and Effect.

When the great Lord Chatham was to appear in public, he took much pains about his dress, and latterly he arranged his flannels in graceful folds. It need not then detract from our respect for Erskine, that on all occasions he desired to look smart, and that when he went down into the country on special retainers he anxiously had recourse to all manner of innocent little artifices to aid his purposes. He examined the court the night before the trial in order to select the most advantageous place for addressing the jury. On the cause being called the crowded audience were perhaps kept waiting a few minutes before the celebrated stranger made his appearance; and when, at length, he gratified their impatient curiosity, a particular nice wig and a pair of new yellow gloves distinguished and embellished his person beyond the ordinary costume of the barrister of the circuit.—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

Love.

I fear thee not—I fear thee not,
Though young and fair thou art,
My shadow stands as sentinel
By my beloved one's heart:
That guarded palace mocks thy siege,
Its gate thou canst not win:
Roam, sighing, round the marble walls,
Nor hope to enter in.

I know that thou art beautiful,
But I am well content;
No beauty now hath charms for him—
He swore it when he went.
Let welcome in its softest tones,
Its secret passion tell;
Thy welcome never shall efface
The sound of my farewell!

* * * * * *

So spake a lady sitting lone
Upon the sea's wild shore,
Whose gloomy waste of crested waves
Her dark eye travelled o'er:
She spake it with a steadfast trust,
(Oh, trust that vain must prove;)
She spake it with a curling lip,
In proud triumphant love!

Wo's me! at that same sunset hour,
On the far distant land,
Her lover sate and heard the lute,
Touched by a gentle hand;
There, listening with a loving gaze,
His vows of yore forgot,
His heart withdrew itself from hers,
But the lady knew it not.

Sea Spray at the Hill Tops.

The height to which the foam of the sea is carried during a hurricane is astonishing; we must, however, remember that the rotary motion of the blast would contribute in some measure towards this. It cannot be supposed that the gyrations act only on the surface of the water; they ascend following their rotary motion, and no doubt carry by gyration the sea-water in their course. During the severe gale which touched Tortola in 1831, I was residing with the late President Donovan at St. Barnard's, a hill, the summit of which is about 1,000 feet above the sea; the dwelling house, however, is at an elevation of 920 feet. The day after the gale the leaves of the trees and plants, in the garden, which had remained became black from the contact with the sea-water spray; indeed the trees appeared,

"As when Heaven fire
Has scattered the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath;"

and the rain-water in the cistern and vats, which was to be used for domestic purposes was rendered brackish.—*Schomburgh's History of Barbadoes.*

A Cottage of the Old English Kind.

It was most snug in winter, and in summer very beautiful; glistening, as then it did, in all its fragrant loveliness of jessamine, honeysuckle, and sweetbriar. There, also, stood a beehive, in the centre of the garden, which, stretching down to the roadside, was filled with flowers, especially roses. The cottage was built very substantially, though originally somewhat rudely, and principally of sea-shore stones. It had a thick thatched roof, and the walls were low. In front there were only two windows, with diamond-shaped panes one above another, the former much larger than the latter, the one belonging to the room of the building, the other to what might be called the chief bed-room; for there were three little dormitories—two being small, and at the back of the cottage. Close behind, and somewhat to the left, stood an elm-tree, its trunk completely covered with ivy; and so effectually sheltering the cottage, and otherwise so materially contributing to its snug, picturesque appearance, that there could be little doubt of the tree's having reached its maturity before there was any such structure for it to grace and protect. Beside this tree was a wicket, by which was entered a little slip of ground, half garden and half orchard.—*Warren's Now and Then.*

"So (Elegantly) Work the Honey Bees."

Did any one ever sufficiently admire the entire elegance of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers: their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; the avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instances of carcases of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighborhoods, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to everything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good!—*Leigh Hunt's Jar of Honey.*

The Plants of South Africa.

We travelled from Uitenhage north-east-ward to Addo Drift on the Sunday river, twenty-five miles over a hilly country, covered for the most part with low but thick "bush;" the soil a hard clay. Though the general appearance of this kind of country is in some degree monotonous, yet its rich and singular vegetation is very attractive to the eye of a naturalist. The strange, stiff, gaunt forms of the leafless euphorbias, which suggest the idea of some monstrous Indian idols; the aloes, with their spear-like leaves and tall scarlet spikes; the pale green foliage of the spekboom (portulacaria Afra,) which is said to be the favorite food of the elephant; the crassulas, covered with milk-white blossoms; the cotyledon, with is bluish leaves and bright red flowers; the scarlet geraniums peeping from amidst the other shrubs—altogether form a combination extremely interesting to a botanical eye, and which must strike every traveller of ordinary habits of observation by its dissimilarity to anything that is to be seen in other countries.—*Bunbury's Residence at the Cape.*

Bonaparte's Opinion of his Two Wives.

Their characters were diametrically opposite. Never were there two women less like each other. Josephine had grace, an irresistible seduction, an unreserved devotedness. Maria Louisa had all the timidity of innocence. When I married her she was a truly virtuous novice, and very submissive. Josephine would sacrifice millions upon her toilet and in her liberalities.—Maria Louisa, on the contrary, economised what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold her in order to induce her to make her expenditure consistent with her rank. Josephine was devoted to me; she loved me tenderly—no one ever had a preferance to me in her heart. I uniformly held the first place—her children the next. And she was right, for she was the being whom I most loved, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind.—*Montholon's St. Helena.*

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory.—*Von Knebel.*

Female Education.

A large class has sprung up in the community who decry exalted scholarship, and who advocate doctrines which strike to the very foundation of social existence. This class would suffer the common school to exist, but would break down the university. In their ideas of female education, they probably agree with the Earl of Pembroke, who despoiled the Abbess of Wilton Abbey of her property, and who said to her—"Go spin, you jade! go spin." They have no idea that the female mind should step out of the uniform dead level, and think it of vastly more consequence to woman to understand how to make apple tarts, brown bread, mend old coats, and set the table genteely for dinner, than it is to enlighten her understanding. But these views are not new.—Mrs. Malaprop, in the comedy of the Rivals, advances precisely similar notions. Mrs. Malaprop would have made a most excellent presiding genius over a modern boarding-school; and her daughter, instructed as she desired she should be, a capital foreman of the Grand Jury, which, recently in the Athens of America, located Mexico in South America. The temple of learning should be shut to women, as was the temple of Hercules at Rome, which was forbidden to both women and pigs.—*P. W. Chandler.*

Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labor, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.—*A. W. Schlegel.*

Friendship requires actions. love requires not so much proofs, as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Richter.*

Origen says that his contemporaries believed warm springs to be fed by the hot tears of fallen angels.—*Goethe.*

In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit her strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.—*Rahel.*

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all.—*Richter.*

He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.—*Von Knebel.*

It is indifferent in what condition we are if we are not in that we wish for.—*Rahel.*

That is the best government which teaches us to govern ourselves.—*Goethe.*

Merry England Once!

Oh England! "Merry England," styled of yore!
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter where?
The sweat of labor on the brow of care
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door
The may-pole cheers the village green no more,
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mummers rare.
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs,
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?

Taylor's Eve of the Conquest.

AGRICULTURAL.

TO KEEP BIRDS FROM FRUIT, &c.—The following plan, which I discovered by accident, is, I think, perfectly efficacious. One of my servants having by chance broken a looking glass, it occurred to me that the broken pieces suspended by a string, so as to turn freely in every direction, would give the appearance of something moving about, which would alarm the birds. I accordingly tried the plan, and find that no bird, not even the most fool hardy of them (a nest of newly-fledged sparrows,) dare come near. They had attacked my Peas. On suspending a few bits of the looking glass amongst them, the marauders left the place. The tomtits attacked my Seckel pears (which they seem very partial to;) a bit of looking glass suspended in front of the tree put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were next much damaged, before they were ripe, by thrushes and starlings; a piece of looking glass drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards. I have before tried many plans, but never found any so effectual as the above.—*Gard. Chron.*

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—I knew a very experienced and attentive housekeeper, who had a long shelf with some 20 or 30 dozen holes into which she put her eggs, buying them when they were cheap, and turning them upside down every other day. By this means she kept them during the winter fit for the breakfast table as well as for the cook. There is another equally good. Place a hoop on the floor of a room, and within the circumference of the hoop, place a quantity of eggs; every other day draw the hoop gently backwards and forwards, and the eggs remain fresh as above. A third way, one practised in my house, is to line the bottom of a drawer with longitudinal partitions loosely papered, and every other day pull the drawer out a few times somewhat gently, as well as just running the hand over them once a week, and the eggs remain fresh as before. A fourth way (a wholesale way) would be to pack a quantity in a small tub, and turn the tub upside down every other day. The eggs may be bought as early as August.—*Gard. Chron.*

STARCHING LINEN.—In starching linen, the effect will be the same, whether the starch be hot or cold, provided the irons used be properly heated. It is sufficient to mix the starch with a little water, to dip the linen in it, clapping it with the hands, and then apply the hot iron while the linen is still moist. By this means, the grains of starch will burst from the action of the heat of the iron, its membranes will expand as they combine with a portion of the water that is present, its soluble matter will be partly dissolved in the rest of the water, and the linen will be starched and dried by one process.

STEEP FOR INDIAN CORN.—Take 1 pound of salpetre (nitrate of potash,) and dissolve in 6 quarts of water; and 2 pounds of copperas (sulphate of iron,) may be dissolved in 5 or 6 quarts of water. Let your seed corn soak in the mixture from 24 to 36 hours before planting, and it will not only be less liable to the attacks of birds and worms, but the young plants will take an earlier start and be more vigorous in their growth.

LIVE APPLE TREE POSTS.—The Massachusetts Ploughman suggests that apple trees be planted about ten feet apart, on a line where it is desired to construct a permanent fence. In the course of ten or twelve years they would be large enough to be mortised for the purpose of receiving cedar or chestnut rails, which, it is thought would last more than fifty years. In the mean time, these "living fence posts" would occasionally bear a crop of apples, and thus become profitable in "divers ways."

PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE CATAWBA GRAPE VINE.—The original vine of this variety is said to have been procured from the banks of the Catawba River, and planted in the garden of the late Mr. Schell, of Clarksburg, in Maryland, and has been known to bear nearly eight *bushels* of grapes in a single year.

TO PROMOTE THE VEGETATION OF OLD SEEDS.—A small portion of superphosphate of lime mixed with seeds, when sown, in sufficient quantity to give them the appearance of being limed over, will cause them to germinate quicker and stronger, more especially in the case of old seeds; and it is also found that the plants are less liable to be injured by insects.

CONSUMPTION OF WOOD IN THE U. STATES.—According to the careful calculation of a skilful engineer, the present demand for wood, as fuel, in this country, is equal to 10,220,000, cords per annum.

KEEPING ICE UNDER STRAW.—It is stated that ice will keep very well, closely packed on ground sloping each way, and covered three or four feet thick with straw.

FROST BITES should be rubbed with cold flannel or fine snow, avoiding the fire, or even a hot room.—*American Agriculturist.*

If you would keep your hands from chapping during the winter, wash them as often as you please, but rub them "bright dry" each time; don't leave a particle of moisture for the cold air to act upon.

A towel dipped in hot water and applied to the part affected, will, it is said, afford an effective and immediate relief to the painful contraction of the muscles called the cramp.